

# The TATLER

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## TOASTING THE NEW SEASON

An eightsome at the Staff College Hunt Ball, in the decorous eighteenth-century setting of Camberley, are drinking to the new season and discussing the immediate prospects. Included in the group are Mrs. Marcus Fox, Mr. Tony Hartridge, Miss Sneyd Kynnersley, Miss Rita Birkett, Capt. Fox, Col. and Mrs. Clarke Brown and Col. John Mogg. There were over 600 guests, and more scenes at this high-spirited function will be found on the following four pages



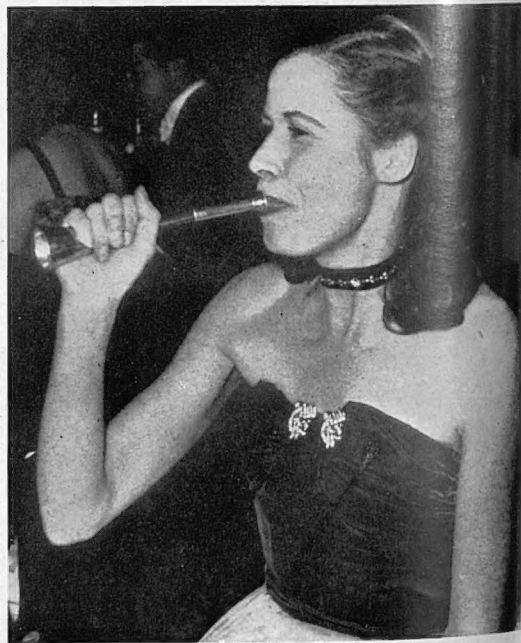
## A Merrymaking at Camberley

THERE was no lack of enjoyment at the recent Hunt Ball held by the Staff College and Royal Military Academy (Sandhurst) Draghounds, and the large company danced into the very small hours in the historic hall and corridors of the College at Camberley. Next morning a proportion attended the opening meet at Government House. The ball was excellently organized and many surprises and diversions were arranged to entertain the guests, besides the dancing.

The hunt was established in 1879 and was discontinued during the war, being revived last year. Drag lines are held every week in the vicinity of Eversley and Wokingham, and foxes are also hunted once a week near Camberley, by permission of the Garth Foxhounds, whose country it is. The Joint-Masters are Major-Gen. R. A. Hull, C.B., D.S.O., Major-Gen. H. C. Stockwell, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., and Major J. A. H. Mitchell, D.S.O.



Col. W. Pike, Grenadier Guards, with the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Hennessy, wife of Lord Windlesham's younger son



Miss Griane Wharton "calls 'em up" with a hunting horn—an incident during the very exhilarating evening

The gaiety at its height as dancers eagerly competed for balloons dropped from the balcony surrounding the hall, the walls of which are decorated by an armoury of ancient weapons





Lt.-Col. de Gex looked after Mrs. Alan Hind, Mrs. Philip Pope and Mrs. J. Bonnett while others of their party were dancing



One of the liveliest parties consisted of Lt.-Col. G. Sheppard, Major and Mrs. King-Clark, Major F. E. Shrimpton, Mrs. J. Cox, the Hon. Mrs. G. R. D. Musson, Mrs. and Major Leack and Col. Musson



Major-Gen. H. C. Stockwell, one of the Joint-Masters, taking supper with Mrs. D. Shaw



Mrs. Ian Graham shared a table with Major Alistair Mitchell, Joint-Master, and Mrs. Mitchell



Miss Veronica Haynes, Major Michael Barton, Miss Marigold Moule and Capt. Desmond Lambert chat over drinks



Names of distinguished Staff College graduates of years past formed a background for the dancers, who included Mrs. Hunter Gordon, Mr. Sebastian de Ferranti, Miss Dereka Beard and Lt.-Col. Hunter Gordon



Camberley—

## A Night to Remember



*At the boldly signposted oyster-bar: Mr. A. J. Herbert, Miss K. M. Head and Major and Mrs. Head*



*Miss de Ferranti and Major W. H. Tighe sit out on the flower-decked stairs to watch the dancing*



*In the cold hours before the dawn Col. and Mrs. A. Cleeve take Miss E. Nidam and Mr. Gordon Palmer to find their car*



*Getting ready for a concerted rush—Mrs. W. Pike, Major J. Bowes-Lyon, Lady Maclean, Sir Charles Maclean, Bt., Mrs. Bowes-Lyon and Major W. Pike*



*Council of war, with feminine support: Brig. J. E. H. Bonnett, Mrs. Gage de Gex, Col. Philip Pope, Capt. Geoffrey Armitage and Miss Griane Wharton*





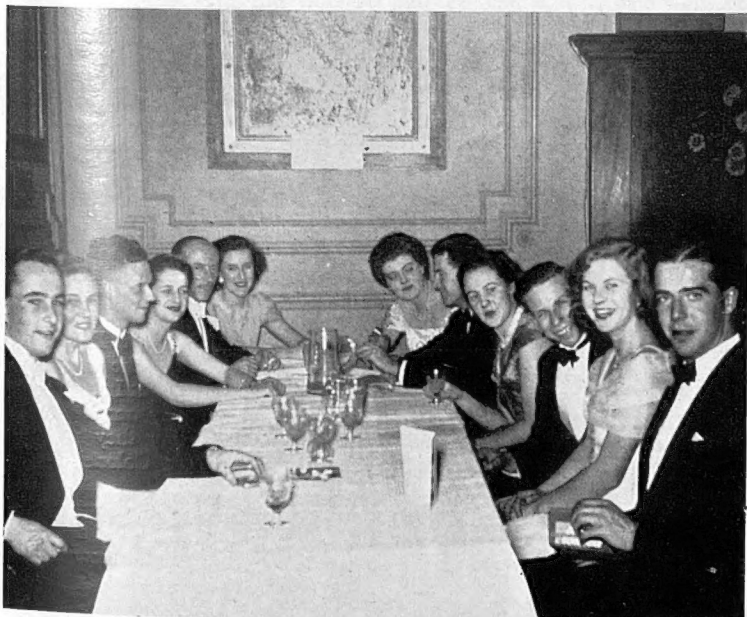
*Col. and the Hon. Mrs. G. Musson take a turn round the hall in a quick-step*



*Major and Mrs. R. Simpson were two others who were frequently on the dance floor*



*In the old oak-panelled library Miss Sheelah Croker and Capt. Christopher Blaxland settle down for a cigarette and a quiet chat*



*Mr. L. A. Guy, Mrs. F. J. Rice, Mr. J. Hollingshead, Miss V. Longden, Col. F. J. Rice, Miss G. Fawcett, Miss C. Lucas, Mr. P. A. Denison, Miss J. Rice, Mr. F. R. Robertson, Miss M. Pryor and Mr. J. Ashley*



*Miss P. Lynwood, Mr. S. de Ferranti, Miss D. Beard, Capt. and Mrs. R. Heaven, Miss P. Heaven, Mr. J. Herbert, Mrs. M. Hancock, Mr. D. Beard, Mrs. Hunter Gordon, Major M. Hancock and Col. Hunter Gordon*

*Tasker, Press Illustrations*





*The Birth of a Son to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh has been received with nation-wide—indeed, world-wide—rejoicing; a tribute whose warmth is materially due to their unaffected mode of life, and the knowledge that theirs is an ideally happy union. These aspects of their marriage are well expressed in this charmingly informal picture*

## Some Portraits in Print

THAT was a memorable Sunday evening of November the fourteenth when the news came of the birth of the new Prince, and the health of His Royal Highness was toasted by our firesides.

One day he may by chance turn the pages and read of the other world events of that Sunday. Let us pray God that if he does, it will be to look back as from a happier world.

When I read the next morning of bells being rung in other parts of the Empire I wished London had been a little more spontaneous in celebration. There is a thrill in hearing church bells rung in the quiet of a city's night—as I was reminded only last year when in Paris on

the eve of the Liberation anniversary. The truth is that London has no very exciting peals of bells left. We build carillons for other countries, and deny them to ourselves: why not a London bell tower for that great exhibition in 1951?

IT would have been too much to ask for midnight guns, of course, for it might be said that they would disturb the Princess's rest, although I scarcely think that the salute as fired by the King's Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery would awaken anyone, unless they were asleep in the Park itself.

I was crossing Hyde Park Corner at the time of the noon salute and was surprised at the

gentleness of their thuds. Down by the Palace the crowds were drifting about and the young sentries of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry were undergoing an ordeal they may not have expected. Perhaps one day they will lay claim to the Prince as their Colonel-in-Chief?

At night the fountains in Trafalgar Square, playing in a high wind, had a wild grace, and, praise be, only the one colour of blue now lit the cascade.

THE twilight when I bagged my first pheasant was not one that I can easily forget. It was on Haldon Moor in Devon and far below you could see the



broad Teign on its way down, and the lights in the Round House in Shaldon and the mysterious Ness upstanding where river meets sea.

I brought it down with a 30 h.p. sports model, driving about 70 m.p.h., at less than three yards range.

This first pheasant was also my last, for although willing enough to enjoy the fruits of the shoot I take no enjoyment in the shooting—somewhat the reverse.

Now pheasants have come into my life again and led—by a devious route—to an enjoyment rather greater than mere *faisan ala imperatrice*.

It all started with a picture in THE TATLER. By an unhappy mixing of captions, a pheasant being retrieved was said to be a partridge; if so, it could only have been a partridge wearing a New Look. Among the readers who commented on this error was Mr. Henry Williamson, for the subject of pheasant has long been on Mr. Williamson's mind.

SOME time ago, Henry Williamson, fatigued with thoughts and words on war, followed the course he took when he wrote *Tarka the Otter* twenty years ago and set to work on a book about an animal. He chose the pheasant, which he thinks is in danger of dying out in England. *The Phasian Bird* is the result, the story of a rare hybrid pheasant living on a small farm on the Norfolk coast.\* It tells of the fortunes of the pheasant during its seven years of life, and tells it in Williamson's most delicately wrought prose—he rewrote it twenty-four times.

Your 'partridge' is a *phasianus colchicus*," he says, "It is a pheasant of the reedy swamp of the Phasis, a river in Colchis (now Georgia, the birthplace of Stalin) whence the phasian bird came to Britain with the Romans."

But he retains admiration for the partridge, which he calls "a charming family bird." Williamson to-day lives in a square hut on Essex Road. "I have watched a covey in August crossing over the bank below my hut in the dusk; father first, then one bird following another, slow and careful as tortoises; father clearing all the time; mother taking up the rear."

When I used to shoot partridge in Norfolk I was always in two minds as to what I was doing. It is, for me, better to watch them." Now I agree!

ENOUGH of the pheasant, then, but Henry Williamson went on to draw my attention to the current issue of *The Adelphi* which contains some of the verse of young James Farrar, a last war poet who seems in the direct line to that lost legion of the first war—Rupert Brooke, Julian Grenfell, Wilfred Owen and Allan Seagar.

James Farrar was only fifteen when the war broke out, joined the R.A.F. in 1942 and wrote what must be his masterpiece after—of all things!—a night in an overcrowded troop train. Here is "The Beloved":

When I am in the field she lies  
Alone upon the hills, for she is Day  
And I am Night, and brightest shine her eyes  
When I must look away.  
But briefly as in summer dawn we meet  
Her beauty in a flood  
Burns vagrant through my blood.

And when the swift floats high  
On molten tide of sunset, silently  
Together in the meadows do we lie,  
But never wed shall be:  
For soon she sleeps in mist and I must rise  
And when the stars are grown  
Must seek the hills alone.

His prose—left in his notebook—reads just as magnificently. In the summer of 1944 James Farrar was piloting a *Tempest* over the Channel in pursuit of a flying bomb. He never came home.

I WONDER how many people in the theatre on that memorable evening a fortnight ago when Maurice Chevalier captured the Hippodrome, thought of another one-show man of the same name (I wonder, too, if



## To H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth

Princess, Princess—

Girl with your baby by your side,  
Feeling, no more, no less,  
The joy, the lassitude, the self-same pride  
As little Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Brown,  
The same erasing peace  
And, from unknowably deep down,  
Instantly welling, the release  
Of love unbounded for this babe new-met  
Yet wholly, yet immediately your own—  
Princess, do you forget,  
As we, too, for this moment may, your Throne  
And be all girl, all mother; and your Crown—  
This child that cries, this small heart-holding  
life,  
This is the crown of woman and of wife,  
Of Mrs. Smith, and you, and Mrs. Brown.

Princess, your *Loyal Subjects* make their bow,  
Their humble duty to the Royal Line.  
Your *people*, on the other hand, I'll vow,  
Bless you and hope that "both are doing fine."

14 Nov., 1948

—Justin Richardson

many hung their heads in shame at the decay of the native music hall which has followed the entry of the microphone and the pre-fabricated Broadway ditty).

Both Maurice Chevalier (of Menilmontant) and Albert Chevalier (of Notting Hill) were children of great cities and their artistry has been based on the characters of the city; Maurice with such songs as "Ma Pomme," "Emil" and "Weeping Willy," and Albert with his "Future Mrs. 'Awkins," and "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road."

We all know "My Old Dutch," and those who ever heard Albert Chevalier sing it will recall the pathos of his singing. Pathos of much the same kind Maurice Chevalier brings to "Quai de Bercy," which tells of the quarter to which the butts of wine are brought in Paris and how the poor can get satisfyingly drunk by sniffing at the fumes.

I cannot recall an audience so lightheartedly

relieved at the interval as at the Maurice Chevalier show when they realized that he was achieving what they had thought to be the impossible—just standing there on an apron stage holding two thousand people spellbound.

And talking of apron stages, one of the most vivid performances of a Shakespeare play I have ever seen was on a Sunday night in the old Ring in Blackfriars Road in 1936. The play was *Richard the Second*—and the abdication crisis was then at its height.

Yet not only the topicality of the subject made it vivid. It was seeing the play from a gallery around the boxing ring, much as it must have been played on the occasion of its first Blackfriars production over three hundred years ago.

I THOUGHT of this when examining the ingenious model for the proposed university theatre at Oxford.

It is the fashion now to deplore theatre boxes as antiquated, and even the King and Queen sometimes abandon them for the better view from the stalls. Yet in certain theatres, and for certain pieces, the playgoer seated in a box can enjoy the feeling of being part of the action of the piece, and it was with consciousness of the audience's encirclement that the Elizabethan and Restoration drama was written.

The Oxford theatre plan provides for a full range of stage shapes. For Shakespeare there are the galleries around the stage (approximating to my seat at the Ring that night) while for Restoration comedies they take the form of what we have come to call a "box." These became more ornate as they moved into the auditorium, to which they were confined by the time the Victorian theatre arrived.

It is also the fashion now to deplore any breaking of the proscenium framework. Actors, it is said, should keep well on the stage and behind the footlights, and respect the convention of the invisible fourth wall. Yet one of the most wonderful afternoons of acting I have ever enjoyed was the playing of *Everyman* at Salzburg on a small wooden platform with the audience all around. True, the producer was Max Reinhardt.

ONE feature of the Oxford theatre—if it ever be built—will, I hope, be a plentiful supply of "No Smoking" signs.

The bad manners of West End audiences (especially on first nights) suggests that we still have a long way to go before achieving the ideal balance between players and audience.

During the recent visit of the company from the Comédie Française I saw a man all but strike a match on a "No Smoking" sign in order to relight his pipe.

And at the first night of the beautiful production of *The Wild Duck* at the St. Martin's a lovely child in front of me—whose rich lips should never have held anything less beautiful than a rose—lit a cigarette in the middle of a scene being played by Miss Mai Zetterling with almost unendurable pathos, and puffed away until—she lit another one. Her companion stuck to big cigars.

No wonder the critics commented on the orgy of coughing.

I suppose it would be too much to ask that the cloak-rooms and bars of the new theatre will not be in the least accessible parts of the house, or that the doors to the stalls should not be so placed that latecomers are forced to make an entrance almost along the footlights, as in so many of our higher-class West End playhouses.

No, we must not ask too much of Oxford.

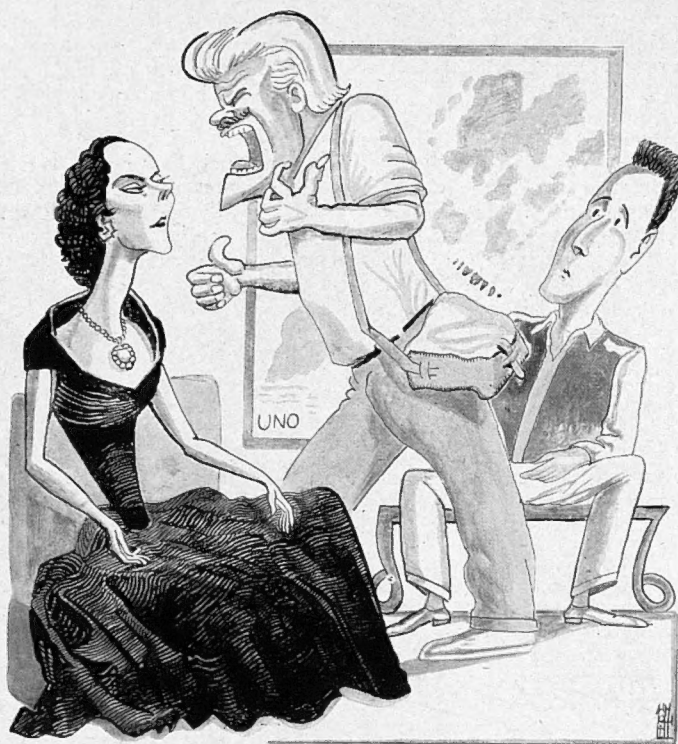
—Gordon Beckles

\* *The Phasian Bird* by Henry Williamson (Faber & Faber, 10s. 6d.)





Sir Edward Fortrose (Leslie Banks), governor of the island of Corabana, listens with growing apprehension to the cynical offers of capitalist Lerma (Geoffrey Dunn)



Dr. Melnik (Cecil Trouncer) tells Lady Fortrose (Irene Worth) exactly what he thinks of her selfishness and vanity, while war-shocked Louis Riberac (Alan Wheatley) listens with boredom

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations  
by Tom Titt]

## At The Theatre

### "Home Is To-morrow" (Cambridge)

MR. PRIESTLEY is the H. G. Wells of the theatre. His admirers want him to go on writing about people. Perversely, to their thinking, he fixes his eye on peoples. Wells left the recognizable human world of Mr. Lewisham, Uncle Ponderevo and Mr. Polly for the arid mind (which he called a "world") of William Clissold. Mr. Priestley, just now at any rate, is so worried about the future of the human race that he seems no longer to have any heart for the amusing, pathetic, immediate things of life. The graphs of their development, if nowhere and in no sense quite parallel, are alarmingly sympathetic.

The playwright's latest play is political, and most of us will answer the questions it asks according to our politics. I can't imagine the piece making converts. Can Washington and London afford to let an island in the South Caribbean prove to be rich in deposits vital to atomic development continue to be the scene of a significant social experiment? On the other hand, can the world afford to let the experiment fail?

A GROUP of officials is appointed by the United Nations with varying degrees of conviction to create a patch of civilized light in the midst of savage darkness. If such a mission is no more than a fool's errand, then the next inevitable cataclysm will sweep away what is left to us of a world worth living in. Dare we stand by hope, faith and charity; or do we think it wise to control,

for the time being, whatever contribution the island can make to atomic research? Can we trust human nature, or must trust be qualified by prudence?

These are important questions, but they are less important in the theatre than the question whether the dramatist has succeeded in turning them into a good play. So far as story may make a play, *Home Is To-morrow* scarcely pretends to have one.

SIR EDWARD FORTROSE, once of the old Colonial Office, now an enthusiastic United Nations administrator, politely rebuffs pressure from Whitehall and blandly ignores the attempts of Big Business to bribe him. He ignores also the quite scandalous behaviour of Lady Fortrose until she brings it pointedly to his notice.

Then, more in sorrow than in anger, he deplores her outrageous behaviour, assures her of his lasting love and refuses her a divorce for her own good. As the curtain falls, he is shot dead by the island's unregenerate boss.

This "strong" curtain seems to me extremely weak in drama. Instead of gathering up all the threads, it leaves them lying about. We cannot immediately recollect what they are. The spirit of Sir Edward is to go marching on. But will it? Will his arrangement to be replaced by an official after his own heart stand now that the cynics of Washington and Whitehall know of the island's invaluable mineral deposits? Some will say "yes"

and some will say "no," and then one suddenly recalls that Sir Edward had sent his story to a famous, fearless journalist with instructions to publish it. Ah, that settles it; or does it? But in a really "strong" curtain all the elements of the question would have been in our minds.

IT must be classed as a play of discussion—not, I think, a very good one. It is much too literary, for one thing. Mr. Priestley is getting further and further away from what De Goncourt called so happily "*la langue littéraire parlée*," an excellent definition of the stage dialogue which is carefully selected from the range of natural, colloquial speech, and he is dropping much too often into the less exacting language of the essayist. Nearly all these characters speak as though they were dictating with enviable fluency "middles" for the highbrow weeklies. And for another thing, Mr. Priestley has a certain disdain for those ideas in which he does not himself happen to believe. It is the essence of a good play of discussion that the devil should be given his due.

YET with what accomplishment the company do their part! Mr. Leslie Banks, Miss Irene Worth, Mr. Alan Wheatley, Mr. Cecil Trouncer, Mr. Geoffrey Dunn—it is as much their art as the sincerity of what they are given to say that holds us to it until the case for idealism in international affairs has been put.

**VIVIAN VAN DAMM.** Owner, manager and producer of the Windmill Theatre shows, Van Damm has been connected with the historic "We Never Closed" institution since 1932. Among his many discoveries are such famous performers as the late and greatly lamented John Tilley, and more recently Eric Barker, Pearl Hackney, Beryl Orde, Jean Kent and Afrique. A film, to be entitled *Murder at the Windmill* is shortly going into production. This will be the first occasion on which a "live" theatre will be used as a studio. The producer is Major Daniel Angel, maker of *The King's Horses*, who has hitherto devoted himself to documentaries. The Windmill has two companies, working on alternate days, and Mr. Van Damm launches a new show every six weeks, the latest being the 217th. The son of a lawyer, he trained originally for the Bar, but soon became attracted to commerce. His home is at Angmering, and his hobby, which is shared by his wife and three daughters, is flying







Freda Bruce Lockhart

[ Decoration  
by Hoffnung ]

# At The Pictures

## Songs of the Rope

**H**ITCHCOCK's much-heralded and technically revolutionary *Rope* (Carlton) and Have-lock-Allen's gentler *The Small Voice* (Plaza) have a number of points in common.

Both, for a start, are excellently entertaining pictures. Both give opportunities to young players who rise to them: Joan Chandler in *Rope*; James Donald and Harold Keel (late of *Oklahoma!* at Drury Lane) in *The Small Voice*. To both films jointly I should like to make a special award for doing mercy to filmgoers by dispensing with the deadening din that is known as background music, but is most often a battering ram to deafen our other senses, or a blanket of sound to wrap up directorial deficiencies.

These two films do without music except where it has a direct part to play in the drama: in *Rope*, Poulenc's "Mouvement Perpetuel"—symbolic of Hitchcock's new continuous camera technique—is played by the young pianist-strangler to soothe his own nerves and as opening and closing music; in *The Small Voice* James Donald puts on a record of the "Song of the Rope" to shake the nerve of the criminal.

**L**ASTLY, both proceed from the fashionable assumption that what people want as entertainment, as escape from the threatening present, is the company of criminals. And there the differences begin. For the polished young killers of the expensively Technicolored *Rope* are psychopathic cases who practise murder as an art; while the three gaol-breakers of the penny plain *The Small Voice* are crooks from daily life, or at least from every day's newspapers.

Patrick Hamilton's play *Rope* is widely enough known through stage and wireless. Even in my youth I disliked the play, and I cannot pretend to like the film, starting as it does with a patch of vicious dialogue while the two students in the fine art of murder (John Dall and Farley Granger) set about calming their nerves after the perverted æsthetic satisfaction of strangling their friend and putting his body in a coffin-like chest, off which they prepare to serve supper to a party including the victim's father (Cedric Hardwicke) and fiancée (Miss Chandler).

At this date, however, neither the play nor personal squeamishness is the point. The point is Hitchcock's daring innovation in technique, variously called the "ten-minute take" or "continuous production," for which he has made *Rope* the experimental occasion. And the point about any such experiment is: first, whether it comes off; and second, what its future significance may be.

**W**ELL, there can be no doubt that *Rope* comes off magnificently. Hitchcock was not the man to fail to extract the maximum of sadistic suspense from a play which

always had plenty. His new method of filming the whole action as nearly as possible in a continuous movement of the camera following the players round the single set succeeds to the extent of making us wonder why nobody thought of doing it before.

Action, of course, cannot be completely continuous. A reel only takes 950 feet (just under ten minutes) of film. So the "cuts" come while the back of one of the characters fills the screen for the change-over to be made. That is an artificial convention, but no more so than the "dissolve" or "wipe" which we have long accepted, as David Lean pointed out in his recent address to the British Film Academy.

The back wall of the apartment where the ghoul party takes place is a long bare window through which we watch the light on the New York skyline changing from sunset through



Preparations for a ghoul party ("*Rope*")

grey dusk to flashing neons. By such resource Hitchcock triumphs over age-old film fears of monotony of place and time to persuade us that *Rope* could not have been filmed in any other way.

**F**UTURE prospects of the new technique though? My first impression was of a brilliantly successful stunt for occasional use; and I doubted the value of doing away with the cinema's unique faculty (to paraphrase Mr. Lean again) of cutting. What I think Hitchcock's discovery may revolutionise is the filming of stage plays. All plays which preserve the unities would, as far as I can see, be susceptible to the same treatment. And if other directors can learn to make the camera alone supply variety and movement, Hitchcock's

*Rope* may be the end of the old-fashioned photoplay which takes a play to bits and scatters them all over the screen.

Hitchcock has never been an actor's director, but he may well have widened the film actor's scope. Watching *Rope*, cold with distaste for the theme and critical concentration on the technique, I was surprised into sudden tears by the power of James Stewart's outburst as the professor who learns with horror where his intellectual ramblings about murder have led his neurotic pupils. Mr. Stewart has always been a fine actor, but here he takes command of a small hand-picked cast with a new force and assurance.

**T**HERE is nothing newfangled about *The Small Voice*. It was made in a sensibly short time on, I surmise, a sensible budget. But I found it more likeable and hardly less exciting than *Rope*.

A discontented neurotic playwright (James Donald) and his actress wife (Valerie Hobson) are about to separate; three escaped convicts from Dartmoor are being chased by the police. The two paths converge by accident and there we have host and hostess imprisoned in their own country house by the gaol-breakers, the simplest of whom has been sentimental enough to bring along two stray children, survivors of the same road accident.

Robert Westerby's original novel I did not read. But the tensions between the inhibited intellectual, his braver, more impulsive wife, and Boke (Harold Keel), the much more considerable leader of the three desperate men with guns, tensions heightened occasionally by the practical interruptions of a very natural little girl, make a situation worthy of Graham Greene.

There are some awkward lines—"I'm a playwright so I understand these things"—and a few bricks of bathos are dropped. But the crooks—simpleton, tough, and Boke who ought to have known better—are uncomfortably credible types, while the helpless ineffectuality of host and hostess to cope with the situation seems a far more probable way of entertaining armed guests than the usual heroics.

**P**ERHAPS the strain on Boke's conscience of holding out against the screams of a little boy with meningitis by refusing to allow a doctor to be called is over-romanticised. But the suspense holds, and we feel the characters grow in contact with each other so that the final reconciliation between husband and wife seems less arbitrary than usual.

James Donald has long shown promise; as the playwright he has exactly the right self-centred nervousity. Miss Hobson is an intelligent and honest actress whom one would always like to like; but the camera is not kind to her. Mr. Keel as Boke is a real asset, not, I should suppose, limited to this type of part.

**HERMIONE GINGOLD**, intrepid aeronaut, makes a descent in her top-secret, one-woman balloon to astonish London in opposite her. Written by a variety of authors and composers, *Slings and Arrows* is directed by Charles Hickman, who was responsible for the famous *Sweet and Low* series at the Ambassadors, which ran without a break from June 1943 to early this year. Hermione Gingold, who writes as wittily as she acts, made her first appearance in London at His Majesty's in 1908 in *Pinkie and the Fairies*, graduated to Shakespeare, and later to the drama, comic and heavy, before striking in the mid-thirties the vein of blithe satire she has made her own. She is a Londoner, born and bred, on her own confession a very passable cook, and occasionally has hankerings for a country life.









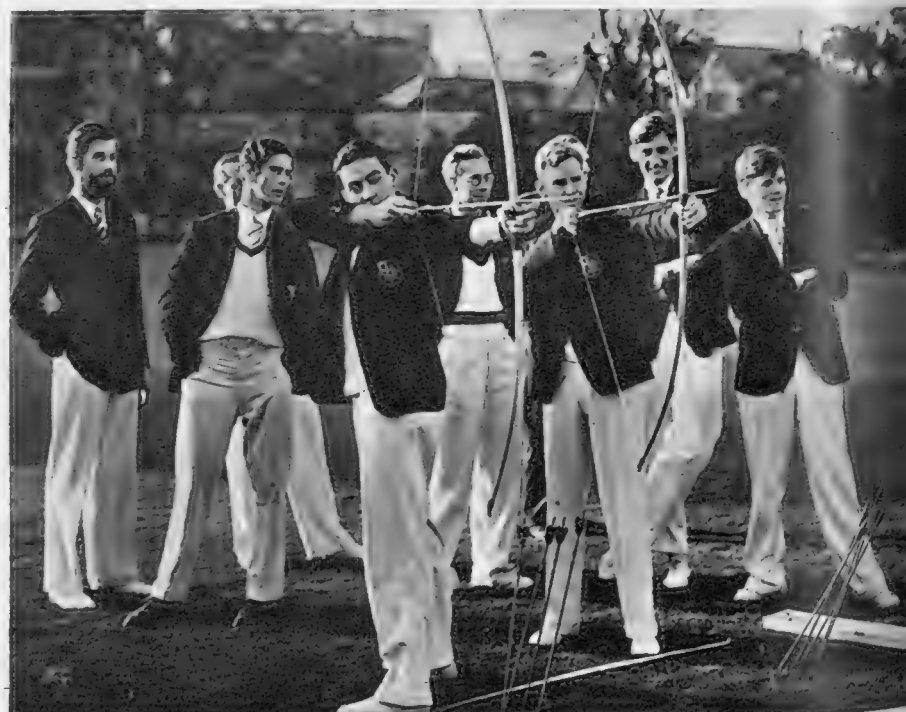
*Members of the St. John's Archery Club gather at the Groves behind the College for their Fifth of November shoot, after a club luncheon*

## THE TOXOPHILITES OF ST. JOHN'S, OXFORD

Members of one of the University's most ancient clubs compete for a century-old trophy



*Mr. Colin Jackson, Secretary of the club, draws his arrow to the head*



*Members shot in pairs, and here Mr. John Westhead and Mr. John Johnstone are opening the competition*





Mr. Colin Frost takes aim. This was the first meeting the club has held since the war



Mr. John Bliss, another of the club's fifteen members, on the point of releasing his arrow



Mr. John Leach (right) and Mr. Peter Clifton taking aim. The buildings of St. John's formed a harmonious background to the exercise of this ancient sport



Mr. Skolto McMillan, winner of the Duncombe and Paget Cup, which was presented to the club in 1848



Mr. John Bliss, having finished with bow and arrow, levels an even more lethal weapon at his fellow members



Mr. H. P. Rayner arranging his six arrows before shooting his round





Vaughan-Spencer

*The Hon. Mrs. Charles McLaren with her two daughters, Julia Harriet, aged six, and Caroline Mary, aged four. She is the wife of the Hon. Charles McLaren, son and heir of Lord Aberconway. They have also a son, Henry Charles McLaren, who was born this year*

*Janifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**Court News:** As I write, flags are flying, guns are booming their salutes, and church bells are pealing to herald the birth of a son to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh; millions of loyal subjects all over the world are rejoicing with them on the birth of their first baby, and with the congratulations go the best wishes of the nation and Empire for a long life of peace and happiness to the baby Prince who we hope one day will become our King.

**H**ER MAJESTY THE QUEEN found the heavy influenza cold which confined her to her room for nearly a week all the more irritating because it came just at the period when she was at her busiest, supervising the general preparations for the birth of Princess Elizabeth's baby. Though she was able to exercise control over these advance arrangements from her sick-bed, she was forced to cancel quite a number of engagements, including half-a-dozen private audiences to the wives of new members

of the Diplomatic Corps, as well as two outside engagements, the unveiling of the lovely memorial window in St. Benedict's Chapel at Westminster Abbey, and the gala performance of Mr. Priestley's play in aid of the Margaret McMillan Fund, to both of which she sent Princess Margaret as her very charming deputy. The diplomats' wives were each informed that the Queen had merely postponed and not cancelled their visits to the Palace.

**W**ITH the Royal diary freer than usual of major engagements during the waiting period before the birth of the Princess's baby, the King was able to take advantage of the winter sunshine more than once by motoring down to Windsor for a day's shooting. Meanwhile, the Duke of Edinburgh will be continuing to do a good deal of work and perform a number of engagements.

While he is away from the active list of the Royal Navy—a condition of affairs which he hopes will be of temporary duration,

ending soon after the King and Queen are back from their Australian tour next year—the Duke is showing a clear preference for functions connected with youth and the sea, two of his own real personal interests. He is, like his wife, a strong believer in the importance of giving the youth of our post-war world the best advantages of training and recreation, a conviction which made the offer from his uncle, Earl Mountbatten, to take over the presidency of the National Playing Fields Association doubly welcome.

Like his energetic uncle, the Duke is a man who does things whole-heartedly or not at all, and he has plunged into the Playing Fields activities with some vigour. First step he took after accepting the presidency at the Lord Mayor's Mansion House dinner was to invite the chairman and leading officials of the Association to a private luncheon party at Buckingham Palace, where they could have a round-table talk about all their problems—"a typical Mountbatten touch," as one friend of both uncle and nephew described it.



THERE was a long queue of guests waiting to be received, and the big ballroom was already crowded as I arrived at the reception given by the Allies Welcome Committee when Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser was the guest of honour. Sir Jocelyn Lucas, chairman of the Committee, received the guests with Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, the vice-president, and Mr. W. H. McGrath, the deputy chairman. Other members of the Committee I saw at the party included Lady Moore-Guggisberg, Lady Monkswell, Lady Forbes and Doreen Lady Brabourne.

Guests included members of both Houses of Parliament, members of the Diplomatic Corps, representatives of all the United Nations, the British Commonwealth, and members of the three Services not only of this country but of the British Commonwealth and other nations. Many of these had been at the original series of weekly luncheons started by the Allies Welcome Committee as far back as 1940. These lunches were inaugurated in order to give the members of the Allied Governments and staffs in turn an opportunity of meeting their own opposite numbers in this country and to make them welcome. This spirit still persists though the gatherings are now held only annually. Admiral Fraser I saw surrounded by guests from India; this reminds me that in a recent issue we published a photograph of Admiral Fraser sitting at a table with Mrs. Gerald Spicer, Mrs. C. Dalgety and Mr. W. E. Milne Rennie, under which Mrs. Spicer and Mr. Milne Rennie were wrongly described as Mrs. Stoughton and Dr. Stoughton. Our sincerest apologies to both parties.

ON arriving at the reception, Field Marshal Earl Wavell and Countess Wavell were quickly engaged in a long talk with Admiral Connolly, of the U.S.N., and Mrs. Connolly. Lady Weigall, who in her wheel chair took up her position near the door, was greeting friends with Sir Archibald Weigall. These included several guests from South Australia, where Sir Archibald was Governor from 1920 to 1922.

During the party Sir Jocelyn Lucas, who founded this excellent hospitality committee and works indefatigably to promote understanding between different nationalities, read out a telegram from the King, and also one from Mr. Anthony Eden, president of the Committee, who had to miss the party owing to pressure of political work. Listening to him I saw Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, who afterwards chatted to a group of Commonwealth officers. Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., and Lady Fraser were at a table with friends nearby, also Prince George of Denmark, Mr. and Mrs. William Mabane, Brigadier and Mrs. Parkinson from New Zealand, and Admiral Sir Cecil and Lady Harcourt, who were talking to Admiral Henderson, of the U.S.N., with Mrs. Henderson. Tall, quiet Mr. Harry Siegbert, who is deputy chief of the E.C.A. Mission over here from the United States, came to the reception with his attractive wife, who wore a mink coat over her black dress.

Others in the big crowd included Air Commodore and Mrs. Knox Knight from Australia, Brigadier and Mrs. H. G. Willmott from South Africa, Lt.-Col. Stuart Don, of the U.S. Army, with his attractive wife, Air Commodore and Mrs. J. Hurley from Canada, chatting to the Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Air, Mr. Geoffrey Freitas, with Mrs. Freitas, and Sir Shenton and Lady Thomas.

From this party I went on to the first night of the revue *The Good Road*, now running at His Majesty's Theatre. This revue is performed by a large cast drawn from different nationalities. Many of them fought in the armed forces, or in the Resistance, and are giving their services free for the revue, which has a moral aim.

Among the audience on this opening night was that grand old lady, Louisa Countess of Antrim, now in her ninety-third year, in one of the boxes. The Diplomatic Corps were represented by the doyen, the Brazilian Ambassador, with Mme. Moniz de Aragao, the Chinese Ambassador and his daughter Miss Cheng Tien-Hsi, the Norwegian Ambassador and his attractive wife, Mme. Prebensen, and their daughter Evie, Mme. Kratochvil, wife of the Czechoslovakian Ambassador, who came alone,

the Syrian Ambassador and Mme. al Armanazi, and the retiring Burmese Ambassador and Lady Maung Gye, who was wearing an exquisite pink sari; they sailed a few days later for Burma. Others sitting in the stalls included the Hon. Jean Elphinstone, and Lady Cynthia Colville, who is one of Queen Mary's Ladies-in-Waiting, accompanied by her son Philip. The Dowager Lady Swaythling brought a party including Prince and Princess Galitzine. Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Simon Elwes were among the audience, as were Lord and Lady Pakenham sitting near Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, and Lady Malcolm. Lady Maclean, very good looking in black velvet, came with a party, and just in front of her sat Anna Lady Barlow. As I left the theatre I saw the Hon. Jakey Astor discussing the revue with the tall, good-looking Countess of Eldon.

THERE were many "young marrieds" at the very gay and amusing cocktail party which Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Shankland gave in their new flat in Hyde Park Gate. This party was also a housewarming party, and guests agreed that their hostess had performed a miracle in converting a very large and roomy kitchen into a most enchanting drawing-room, with pale apple-green walls and attractive lighting. The hostess, who is a very pretty girl, was also in green—bright jade—and with her husband worked hard looking after their guests. These included Sir Evelyn Broughton and his attractive wife, who told me her father, Lord Delamere, was still out in Kenya and does not expect to return until the late spring. Lady Delamere, I was sorry to hear, has been ill again; earlier in the year she had to have an operation on her face.

Capt. Harold Henderson was at the party with his wife, a daughter of that great cricketer, Sir "Plum" Warner. Col. the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers Douglas came to their daughter's party, but had to leave early as they were returning to their home in Kent that evening. Sir Derek and Lady Gilbey, who were married last summer, were telling friends about their recent trip to France. Miss Anne Nettlefold, who has worked so hard for the Malcolm Clubs in Germany and the Middle East, was with her brother and sister-in-law. Mrs. Derek Hague was looking exceptionally pretty, and so was Mrs. Hughie Waller, escorted by her husband.

Others at this gay party included Capt. Anthony. Akers Douglas, Mrs. Benn, who is better remembered by ice-skating enthusiasts as Miss Gwenneth Butler for her prowess and poise on the ice, Lady Rosemary Dunn, and Major Anthony Rugge-Price.

LADY BIRD received the guests with Mrs. Alick Eddy and Mrs. Geoffrey Liddle before the very successful bridge party given in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. This was a really enjoyable evening for the many bridge players who came to support this excellent cause and, incidentally, many of them went home with a prize, as there was one for every table.

Lord and Lady Blackford took a table, as did Earl and Countess Howe, both keen players. Also enjoying their game were Lady Claud Hamilton, Lady Sassoon, Elizabeth Lady Cory, Col. Benskin, Count and Countess van der Heuval, Lady Holmes, Mrs. Bruce Ismay, and Mrs. Washington-Singer, who has herself organised several successful bridge parties in aid of charity. A number of attractive young girls acted as waitresses for the evening, among them Miss Rosemary Burt, Miss Mary Bethune, the Hon. Gloria Curzon, Miss Betty Gould-Adams, Miss Jane Wilson, and Miss Monique Bohn. Miss Bohn answered many kind enquiries about her mother, Mme. Bohn, who was taken so ill on the Continent this summer and will not, I hear, be well enough to return to her delightful Cadogan Square house until the spring.

I HEAR from Mrs. Edith Edwards that she has chosen December 6th for the dinner dance at Grosvenor House which she is organising to raise funds towards the £5,000 required to equip a modern operating theatre, lighting and instruments in the "Edith Edwards" Children's Home for Tuberculosis. This Home is now being built at Papworth Village Settlement.



*Miss Susan Hornby, one of this year's debutantes, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby and a relative of the Earl of Dudley. She lives with her parents at Pusey House, near Faringdon, Berks.*



*Pearl Freeman*

*Miss Carol Butler, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler, who is studying at Oxford to take her degree in agriculture. Her parents are both enthusiastic pilots. She is a granddaughter of the late Sir Robert Reid*



*Harlip*

*Miss Rachel Brand, who attended one of the Presentation Parties in June. She is the elder daughter of the Hon. Thomas Brand, C.M.G., and the Hon. Mrs. Brand, and a granddaughter of Lord Hampden*





Mrs. Bowler, Air Vice-Marshal T. G. Boulter (Air Officer Commanding No. 40 Group), Air Chief Marshal Sir H. R. M. Brooke-Popham (ret.) and Lady Brooke-Popham at the annual ball held at No. 40 Group headquarters at Bicester, Oxfordshire

## No. 40 Group, R.A.F., Hold Their Annual Ball



W/Cdr. Pat Osmond, Mrs. Osmond, Miss Babs Dorey, Mrs. Lamb and S/Ldr. E. H. Lamb were also guests at this successful ball



Another group consisted of W/Cdr. E. G. Wooberry, W/Cdr. N. Gardner, Mrs. Wooberry, Mrs. Gardner, S/Ldr. B. Crane and S/Ldr. J. F. Wooberry

## A "Gunner Week" Occasion at Rotherham, Yorks



Capt. P. B. Parsons (Adjutant), Lt.-Col. F. W. Ward (C.O.), Col. Stephen Rhodes (Hon. Col.) of the 467 (Y. and L.) H.A.A. Regt., R.A. (T.A.), with the Rt. Rev. G. V. Gerard, Asst. Bishop of Sheffield, at the Military Ball held in the Drill Hall at Rotherham to start off the "Gunner Week" celebrations there



Behind: Major-Gen. L. K. Lockhart, G.O.C. 5th A.A. Group, Lady Scarbrough, Lt.-Col. Ward, Mrs. Gerard, the Earl of Scarbrough, Mrs. Ward, Bishop Gerard. Foreground: Lt.-Col. Kerrish (left), Mrs. Bannister and Brig. Albert Smith, commanding 65th A.A. Brigade, recently appointed A.D.C. to the King



# Priscilla in Paris

## The Taxi-Drivers Come to Heel

WHAT Alexander Woolcott once spoke of as "the stern requirements of British libel law" prevents me from giving a really fruity account of the way Mr. Dewey's Anglo-American supporters passed the time of night at a certain little bar near the Opera while waiting for news of the election; and to make things quite safe, I will add that there are many pleasant little bars in that neighbourhood.

All that I will say is that when dawn lightened the sky to dove-coloured half-morning, a high-powered car started homewards with several rose-pink, white and pale-blue pennants fluttering from the radiator cap, and that these were somewhat intimate items of lingerie that fair ladies had betted on the losing candidate. The grinning winner of these trophies was one of the few who had refrained from repeating the famous ride to Aix: "I galloped, Dirk galloped, we galloped all three!" I quote from memory of far-off schooldays and am probably misquoting, but I feel quite positive about the spelling!

We are expecting a new strike from the taxi-cab corporation. The drivers are clamouring to have their fares reduced. Since the last rise demanded—and obtained—by their syndicate nobles can afford to hire them. They stay put, on the rank, in long, static lines, or have to queue up at the railway termini, and this makes us smile vengefully as we remember their past exactions. May there be more such strikes, we say.

On the whole, things seem to be looking up. My left hand gropes under the chair to touch wood) and the *agents de police* will soon be able to leave their little blue tin-hats at home. For the last few weeks they have gone back to the hardware millinery of troublous times. On traffic duty they wear their *képis* for the long six-hour stretch that is a Paris policeman's lot, but the tin chapeau is always at hand, generally moored to the nearest lamp-post, and I would hate to say how many have been stolen in the Latin Quarter for use as domestic objects-of-utility. Students are such infants: bless 'em!

Yes! Things are looking up . . . and going up, too. The other evening, as we came away from the Capucines first night, the world suddenly seemed to turn over and I found myself sitting in the gutter while my husband, being somewhat more solidly built, was taking a few reeling steps in the same direction. In times of stress one harks back to one's childhood, so I remembered the Fifth of November and waited for the sparks to fly upwards. No rockets, however; only a squib. It was a little bomb outside a bootshop in the nearby dark and rather deserted rue Volney. What will the local sneak-thieves be up to next? A strange idea, anyway, since shoes have been off points for over a year in this country.

At the Théâtre des Capucines the new revue *La Folle Époque*, presented by Mitty Goldin, who also has one of the best shows in Paris at the "A.B.C.," is starring Spinelly, who has not been seen in revue since before the war. Her old admirers turned up in force and the youngsters came along to see what it was all about. She had a great reception and the house is sold out for weeks ahead. Our seats were in the front row, exactly where, in the old days, the upright piano stood on a little dais in a triangular niche and Mathé, the white, bushy-haired composer and pianist, used to hammer out



Swaebe

The Swedish Ambassador to London, M. Gunnar Haeggloef, and Mme. Haeggloef were recently the guests of honour at a reception and fork luncheon held in the Swedish Hall, Harcourt Street, by the Anglo-Swedish Association. The Ambassador is seen with Lady Sempill being served with coffee by Miss B. M. Dobbs in Swedish national costume. M. Haeggloef was appointed to the Court of St. James's last month, in succession to H.E. Mons. Erik Boheman.

the accompaniments. Those were the days when the golden-grilled boxes at the back of the stalls were often patronised by visiting royalty, who enjoyed, incognito, many an evening's relaxation in that bijou theatre.

It was at the Capucines that King Manoel of Portugal first saw Gaby Deslys and that King Edward VII. led the applause for so many of Rip's revues. It was there that Spinelly, wearing a couple of inverted saucers and a wisp of tulle, earned her flattering sobriquet "the pocket Venus." King Leopold of Belgium, in the late 'nineties, chuckled to find his counterpart on the stage surrounded by some pretty ballet dancers, and, next day, sent the actor who impersonated him one of his own ties, since the only thing of which he did not approve was the costumier's taste in neckwear.

André Luguet, now President of the Actors' Association, and appearing in grim, Sartre plays, was a pretty *jeune premier*, gold bangle

and all, and Louise Balthy, for the first time in theatrical history, uttered an expletive that might be classed as the counterpart of the one that was a highlight of Mr. Shaw's *Pygmalion*. It was at the Capucines that Irene Bordoni, who has had such a brilliant legitimate-comedy career in America, made her début, and "Emmie" Campton delighted Paris with her amusing Cockney accent. A newcomer, Catherine Gay, is following in the footsteps of these unforgotten golden girls of yesterday in this revue, and French-speaking visitors to Paris must look out for her.

*Voilà!*

• Mme. Edwige Feuillère, France's great lady of the screen, has a very pretty wit. To her is due the merry quip that: "A woman's greatest fault is to believe that she has none."





## LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR ENTERTAINS

THE scene at this year's Lord Mayor's Banquet in the Guildhall, still bearing the marks of bombing, with the Prime Minister replying to the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers." The canopied recess, behind the Lord Mayor's table, contains traditional City treasures, including the Sword (1680) and Mace (1735), six rosewater bowls, six sugar vases added to the Mansion House plate by Sir John Eamer, Lord Mayor in 1801-2, and a pair of George I. helmet ewers.

At the table of the Lord Mayor (Sir George Aylwen) are: far side, Viscountess Addison, Viscount Addison, the Brazilian Ambassador, Lady Aylwen, Sir Frederick Wells, Bt. (outgoing Lord Mayor), the Lord Mayor, the Prime Minister, Lady Wells, the Archbishop of Canterbury.





Mrs. Attlee, Viscount Jowitt, Mrs. Fisher, the Chinese Ambassador, Viscountess Jowitt, the Bishop of London, the Russian Ambassador, Miss Davie. Near side, Miss Ede, Mr. Chuter Ede, Lady Greenaway, Ald. Sir Percy Greenaway, Bt., the Duchess of Palmella, the Portuguese Ambassador, Ald. Lord Broadbridge, Lady Broadbridge, Mr. and Mrs. A. Creech Jones, Ald. Sir F. Newson-Smith, Bt., Miss A. P. Wenzell.

First table. Left, Lady Vestey, Lord Vestey, Sir Terence Nugent, Sir Andrew and Lady Duncan, Sir James Barnes, the Earl of Selborne. Right, Sir Ulick and Lady Mary Alexander, Sir Orme Sargent, Sir Eustace and Lady Pulbrook, Sir John Monck, Sir Eric Speed, Ald. Scott Hewett.

Second table. Left, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Adams,

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hume, Mr. Clare Robinson, Mrs. Akroyd, Mr. Akroyd. Right, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Greenaway, Sir Ernest and Lady Cooper, Major Gordon, Lady Paston-Bedingfeld, Sir Eric Studd, Bt., Lady Studd, Mr. and Mrs. C. Carus-Wilson.

Third table. Left, Mr. T. W. Shaw, Mrs. Kekewich, Sir Percy Laurie, Mrs. Lascelles, Mr. A. Sims, Mrs. Scrimgeour, Mr. Ian Malcolmson, Mrs. J. Scrimgeour, Mr. Stuart Scrimgeour. Right, Mr. K. Lampson, Mrs. Shaw, Rear-Admiral P. K. Kekewich, Mrs. Sims, Mr. F. W. Lascelles, Lady Laurie.

Fourth table. Left, Lord Webb-Johnson, Lady Webb-Johnson, Mr. A. F. I. Pickford (Town Clerk of the City of London) and Mrs. Pickford





"She was presumably a left-over from the Channel swim of 1912"

## D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...

CHAPS unable to sit quietly in a room—a disability to which Pascal attributes most of the world's troubles—have only themselves to blame when seized by hairy brigands in the Middle Eastern wilds and held to stiff ransom, as recently happened. It occurs to one that financial annoyance, at least, might be lessened in these circumstances by trying the technique of the explorer William Blood, familiar to every lover of that long noble Imperial poem called *The Modern Traveller*.

Held to ransom by cannibals, Mr. Blood put the case for reasonable terms thus:

"My value," William Blood began,  
"Is ludicrously small;  
I think I am the vilest man  
That treads this earthly ball;  
My head is weak, my heart is cold,  
I'm ugly, vicious, vulgar, old,  
Unhealthy, short, and fat . . ."

He offered 16/-, on which the Cannibal King described Mr. Blood's economics as "fallacious," and the Empire-builder perished in the pot. However, not all cannibals, or even all Middle East brigands, are *alumni* of the London School of Economics (according to the last Year Book, barely 75 per cent.). Hence the Blood Experiment seems worth the study of all victims of their own restlessness or greed, starting with every booksy British lecturer at the mercy of wild women's clubs in the Middle West.

### Flop

POOR Dr. Gallup, inventor of the Gallup Poll, took the most resounding crack over the U.S. Presidential elections, as every sympathetic commentator seems to agree. Such is the penalty for making a complicated business of predicting public opinion, which is most usually the opinion derived by the public from that morning's newspapers, as everybody knows.

In this country public opinion is formed and directed daily by about six chaps, three of whom we know personally; dear fellows, dear persons, nothing much to look at, not very handsome, not very elegant, but untarnished by travel and perfectly qualified for telling 45 million citizens every morning what to think on every topic human and divine. You'd think such a terrific responsibility would drive anyone mad, but these boys rarely develop anything worse than a permanent stoop,

. . . as if to balance the prone brow,  
Oppressive with its mind.

While forming public opinion two of them smoke cigarettes, the third sucks toffee. Two set their decisions down with fountain-pens, one uses a pencil (2 HB). All three, once their minds are made up, write smoothly and quickly, except for irritable pauses devoted to solving spelling-problems. You cry that the task is too heavy for the boys, and maybe you are right. It will

soon be taken over by a Ministry of Public Opinion.

### Check

NO drama-critic, a gossip was noting the other day with fearless accuracy, has taken a real crack at our native stage since Clement Scott, of the *Daily Telegraph*, rocked the British Empire about fifty years ago by intimating in print that the Race's most idolised stage-sweethearts were, morally speaking, trollops.

A charming story attaches to this, told by the eminent playwright Sutro in his memoirs. At the supper-table of a famous club a somewhat plastered member, affirming that Scott was absolutely right, used a six-letter Scriptural word to describe little actresses. This so shocked Beerbohm Tree, Henry Ainley, and—if you can believe it—young Gerald du Maurier, that they withdrew forthwith to discuss means of dealing with the fellow. "Look here," said Tree to him, severely, on their return, "we know you wouldn't have said it if you hadn't"—here Tree nodded significantly at an empty champagne-bottle—"but really, how would you like it if we said your sister was a . . .?" "She is," said the drunk member stoutly, and the deputation broke up in confusion.

### Houses

A PART from that tiny clot of medieval house-fronts inexplicably surviving in High Holborn, there are so few ancient or historic buildings left in London that when

Progress finally gets the last of them, as an archaeologist has been sobbing, nobody will know or care.

How fortunate is Paris, still so full of historic houses that the superb *Guide Pratique à travers le Vieux Paris* of the Marquis de Rochegude and M. Marcel Dumolin (1923) occupies 600 pages of small print. And a fascinating bedside-book it is, morbleu! Even the chromium-plated, neon-sated, automobilised, Americanised Champs-Élysées takes on a leisurely old-world charm when you come, for example, to No. 25:

25: Town-house of La Paiva, built by P. Maugain (1856-66). The Polish Jewess Teresa Lachmann, adventuress, probably spy, became Marquise de Paiva (1851) by marrying a debt-ridden Portuguese nobleman; then mistress of Count Henckel de Donnersmarck, who spent ten millions on this house, and whom she ultimately married (1871), her first husband killing himself the following year. The house contains paintings by (etc., etc.), statues by (etc., etc.), and a famous staircase.

A Second Empire study, as it were, like a Winterhalter canvas, gauzy and vaporous and graceful ("probably spy" is exquisitely of the period, for how many Governments can afford to employ *grandes cocottes* nowadays?). Large numbers of the houses in the *Guide* have layer upon layer of history covering them.

Outside No. 47 of the Rue des Rosiers, for example, the Duke of Orleans, lover of Queen Ysabeau, was stabbed in November 1407; inside the house 350 years later lived Beaumarchais, and in its one-time chapel was christened Mme. de Staël. A guide like this provides 500 times better reading than the average novel, and we must regretfully invite any fiction-dope challenging this statement to step outside.

### Encounter

MORE svelte, more lissom were the lines of this year's girl Channel-swimmers than they used to be, as you have observed from the public prints. Where are the enormous girls who threshed the bitter wave only a few seasons ago, covered with grease and followed by pessimists in tugs?

Nobody seems to know, unless they still wallow and splurge in fairy seas forlorn. Round Nantucket and Cape Cod you hear odd stories of mysterious white whales, like Moby Dick. Salt and whiskery characters in Cornwall also have a tale about an armed trawler driven off her course in 1915 and encountering a monster which came within cable-length, suddenly ceased blowing, and cried in a loud voice: "Is my (so-and-so) Press-agent, that basket Izzy Gizzick, aboard you?"

She was presumably a left-over from the Channel swim of 1912. The part of the story which rings false to us is the word "basket." Girl Channel-swimmers use "swab."

## BRIGGS—by Graham







The large field of over 120 riders moves off in the rain. The meet was at Ashbourne, Co. Meath, where the Ward Union, the only stag hunt in Eire, has its kennels

## Opening Meet of the Ward Union Staghounds



Mrs. A. Levins Moore, wife of the Joint-Master, and Mrs. Harry Cronin, of Cork, wife of the Davis Cup tennis player



Mrs. M. G. Scott chatting to Mrs. E. Robertson. They are both keen followers of the Ward Union hounds



Mr. Andrew Levins Moore (right), Master for the past eight years, and his new Joint-Master, Mr. George V. Malcolmson



Dr. Bethel Solomons, the veteran Irish sportsman, with Mrs. Arthur Lanagan-O'Keeffe and her daughter Susan



Fennell, Dublin  
Miss Sylvia Cubitt, a niece of Lord Ashcombe, and a member of the Surrey Union, was at the meet





David Johnson

*The Opening Meet of the Old Berkeley (East) took place, by invitation of the Commandant, Vice-Admiral C. E. Douglas-Pennant, at the Joint Services Staff College, Latimer House, Chesham. A big field, under the acting Master, Col. G. de Chair, enjoyed a good day's sport, though no kill was made. The Hunt is seen moving off through the picturesque Buckinghamshire countryside*

**R. C. Robertson-Glasgow**

## Scoreboard



At a cricket *soirée* held in Kent recently, one of the celebrants explained to me his bowling technique. "I do it like this," he said: "with the first ball I hits the off-stump; with the second I hits the leg-stump; and the next batsman, of course, he thinks I'm going to hit the middle stump with the third ball; but not a bit of it, I don't; I hits over all three stumps at once." And, leaving me to meditate on this information, he went off to sing the company a song, which was full of death and angels and hopelessly unrequited love.

For cricketers, this is the opening of the boasting season, when the most accomplished candidates remind us of their else unpublished prowess. Summer is far away, and its distance lends the booster a certain safety and verisimilitude. As the fire roars up the chimney, and the third rum swishes down his hollow legs, he recollects centuries that have somehow hitherto escaped our notice.

My mind, for such it is called, slips back to the smoking-room of a certain Golf Club in Surrey. The Secretary, good easy man, fills his Windsor chair and our glasses, and feels that this is the hour of day that makes up for all the others and brings oblivion of unpaid subscriptions and that silly old beggar on the Green Committee who keeps jabbering about some patent manure and the Rothamsted Experimental Station.

Next to him, sits Mr. Greenshaw, the retired surgeon, idly conning his forever incomplete

crossword. Beyond him is the Irishman, who hits each putt four times, like a machine-gun; wondering whether a little gin wouldn't enliven the degenerate beer.

And there, his reinforced spectacles glinting with sheer power of invention, talks our champion cricketer. He's played with "W.G.," of course. They've all done that. But his choicest feats have been performed in the Channel Islands. At that time he was a slow left-hand bowler, with an uncommon gift of spin. There was a match in Sark in which he somehow took all ten wickets and brought off three catches at the wicket. But we know this match pretty well, and we lead him on to more distant parts; Australia, for instance, where, in spite of pressure of business, he was once persuaded to open the innings with Alec Bannerman, who, either through envy or by sheer carelessness, ran him out at 99.

At this point old Mr. Glover comes in, and, at the first semi-colon, starts away on an iron-shot that he has holed from the rough at the 14th, and soon the air fairly sizzles with magnificent lies.

THE Oxford v. Cambridge Rugger match draws near, and whatever else happens at Twickenham, it seems that Oxford will have an unusually fast and powerful pack of forwards, including an outstanding player in Nelles Vintcent, a Rhodes Scholar from Mossel Bay, South Africa. Six foot four inches tall, Vintcent excels at the line-out. Leaving school

in 1944, he saw war service in Italy, and captained his regimental Rugby team. He has also played for Western Province in the last two years. His father, H. Nelles Vintcent, in the early years of the First World War, was one of the finest wicketkeepers Charterhouse have ever had.

TOP-QUALITY Billiards grows obsolescent, and Snooker Pool reigns. Joe Davis made Snooker a paying show by his consummate skill. But many will lament the loss of the major game. One of the drawbacks of Snooker is that it keeps the spectator awake. How pleasant it was, not so long ago, to exchange the clangour of Piccadilly for the almost religious calm of Thurston's Hall. There, in white cotton gloves, stood the senior acolyte, Charles Chambers, hovering like some human adding-machine over Walter Lindrum's nursery cannons, stepping back a pace or two as Melbourne Inman made a forcing cannon twice round the table, while Tom Reece, immaculate in evening-dress, looked serene disapproval at this vulgar exhibition.

In boyhood, I worshipped the heroes of the baize. I was happy for a week because Edward Diggle once spoke to me in the lift. I recall, not without glee, the evening when I approached H. W. Stevenson with an autograph-book in Lyons' Corner House. He was contemplating a poached egg on spinach when I caught him. He should have been eating off a gold plate; for he had just made a break of 746—unfinished.

## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire



"Most horses know . . .  
and act according"

THE overruling by the stewards of their own objection to a winner at a recent meeting, recalls the painful predicament in which a most famous Lord Chancellor found himself when he wanted to marry one of his own wards. Recognising the fact that there would be the deuce of a row in the Lords if the Chancellor married one of his wards without first having obtained his own permission, his Lordship took the precaution of appearing before himself by learned counsel to argue his own case for and against, and, in the end, as the good Gilbertian will recall, succeeded in convincing himself that his romantic aspiration was completely in order.

The stewards, worthy men, no doubt had an equally sweating labour when endeavouring to convince themselves that there was really nothing in their own objection. They did not say that it was *ultra vires*, but I think one may be permitted a shrewd guess. The Medes and Persians would never have had the pluck even to try it on. Supposing the Stewards had found that their objection was "frivolous"?

THE lives of the prophets and the tipsters have always been beset with pitfall and with gin, and competent authority has told us that the mouths of the former are quite often "stopt with dust." Equally, if either of these persons guesses right, everyone at once says: "It was as easy as falling off a log": if wrongly, their name is mud with coarse and unkind elaborations.

Some gentlemen on the thither side of the Atlantic, who "napped" Governor Dewey, and in fact, went so far as to say that he was "home and dried" long before the start, must be feeling far worse than our friend Old Joe, who so often implores us to remember what he told us "last Arskit," for they have not even the chance that he has of concealing his jockey cap and jacket with the Aske spots on it, and vanishing from sight in the madding crowd, for they have set it all down in black and white!

Old Joe usually manages to make a safe getaway from all his infuriated clients, whose

half-dollars he has absorbed; but not so these other unfortunate gentlemen. They have not even the chance to say he "had" (or "did") ought to have won if he hadn't been bumped or bored, or if the ape on top had not ridden the fiddle strings out of him in the first six furlongs. The only prophet who is safe is he who "plays the ponies" with the whole field and judiciously distributes the names amongst his subscribers. Not everyone is clever enough to do this.

WHERE this jumping business is concerned about 75 per cent. of the necessary ingredients is confidence, and this goes for the two-legged and the four-legged. If the former is like my friend "Snaffles'" famous jockey—"the drink died out of me and Becher's Brook in front"—he is booked for a bumper for a certainty.

Most horses know before their intending rider puts a hand on them or has lifted his left leg for the hoist, exactly the kind of customer he is—and act according. This sounds like a fairy-tale, but it is not. There was once a chap we used to call "the Dumb Jockey," a pretty good exponent on the flat, but mortal afraid of the obstacles. Well, one day he thought he'd take a chance on a horse you could not pull down with a rope. The Stepper was his name, an absolute certainty in the poor field he had to meet. All the man at the wheel had to do was to sit still and leave the rest to him. As the jockey was being led out on to the course by the trainer, whose pet name was "Mike the Moonlighter," he leant over and said in a husky whisper: "Mike, do you think I'll ever get round?" "What the blazing furnaces are you up there for if you don't?" said Mike.

Sure enough when it looked as if The Stepper could just walk home that nervous twitch on the shore end of the ropes brought him down, and "The Dumb 'Un," who wasn't in the least bit hurt, had to lie moaning and groaning on the ground till they sent the cold meat van out to bring him in. All nerves!

ANY book upon fox-hunting by Mr. A. Henry Higginson commands instant attention by everyone interested in one of the most ancient of field sports, now being attacked by a section of society, which, it is to be feared, is not actuated by the motives which we hear so loudly trumpeted abroad. His most recent work, *Fox-Hunting Theory and Practice* (Collins; 15s.), is fully up to the high standard set by his previous ones—to mention only a few at random—*The Meynell of the West*, *Peter Beckford*, *As Hounds Ran*, *Four Centuries of Fox-Hunting*, *Try Back*. Mr. Higginson writes so well because he knows his subject so well, and, as the Duke of Beaufort says in a foreword, this book "deals with every aspect of the best of all sports as we enjoy it to-day."

Many books "deal" with fox-hunting, but not all of them are written by experts. In this author we have him in the most enthusiastic expression of the species. The fox-hound, kennel management, foxes, M.F.H.'s, hunters and stable management, the man who hunts the hounds, the Field, from how it should behave itself to how it should dress itself, all are here set down for us in pleasant and instructive prose. Mr. Higginson began keeping hounds in his own country, America, in 1897, and started his own pack in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, near Boston, and he built it up on drafts from the Fernie, Belvoir, Brocklesby, Fitzwilliam (Milton), with a few details from the Meynell, the Warwickshire and the Grafton.

After World War I, in which he served in the American Army, he went as honorary huntsman to the Millbrook (N.Y.), and during his four seasons had the entire direction of the breeding of the pack. He used a good deal of Sir Edward Currie's blood, that famous white pack, which some people would persist in calling Welsh, when they were more Belvoir than anything else, and he managed to breed a very first-class pack. Eventually he became Joint Master of the Cattistock with that lovable personality, the Rev. "Jack" Milne.



Ellis, Bodmin

Three of the Younger Followers of the East Cornwall Hunt who were at the opening meet at Cheesewring: Miss L. Batten with Miss Pauline and Miss Brenda Hitchens, all of St. Keyne. The East Cornwall, whose centre is Liskeard, had exceptionally good hunting last season, losing only five days through frost





*Study for a Portrait Group*, an example from the British Museum of the work of Hogarth, reproduced in *The Drawings of William Hogarth*, by A. P. Oppé (Phaidon Press; 25s.). This luxurious production reveals, to the extent of over 120 examples, a little-known side of Hogarth's genius. For various reasons the engravings have been much more sought after than his masterly drawings and studies for larger works. The extensive notes have been admirably compiled

Elizabeth Bowen's

## Book Reviews

"The Conspirator"

"Maidens' Trip"

"Taken at the Flood"

"The Best of Beardsley"

"THE CONSPIRATOR," a novel by Humphrey Slater (John Lehmann; 8s. 6d.), is described on its wrapper as having a "new and startling theme." This is no overstatement: we are to deal, in fact, with the fortunes, marriage and general outlook of Major Desmond Ferneaux-Lightfoot, Grenadier Guards, who is leading a double life—he is agent for a Communist foreign Power, steadily passing information across. English in origin (as Mr. Slater's friends and admirers should indeed know) *The Conspirator* has already appeared in America, where it has caused a considerable furore—can one wonder?—and is upon its way to become a film.

The Canadian spy trials, and the U.S.A.'s inquiries into anti-American activities, give this novel, at the far side of the Atlantic, obvious point and context. How it may be taken here I do not know—socially, it may be found dynamite. I do, however, predict that it will be widely, and feverishly, read—and read for what one may assume to have been the chief reason why it was read in America: it is a rattling good story, brilliantly told.

BLAND, if utterly sinister, convincingness—that is the secret of Mr. Slater's writing. He has built up, in Major Ferneaux-Lightfoot—thirty-one years old, good-looking, fine war record, wealthy, mystical, obstinate—a character capable of tout. He has had the equally good idea of mating Desmond Ferneaux-Lightfoot with Harriet, née Frodsham—a high-spirited, not particularly imaginative but, in the last issue, uncompromising debutante. Harriet is, at the outset, still young enough to find Desmond's inscrutability delightful, to be intrigued, flattered and, at one point, as nearly

as possible swept off her feet. It is through her eyes that, for chapters together, we watch Desmond—and, though early on we are given the truth about him, we continue to be as fascinated by his correct mask as by the loops and zigzags of his behaviour.

Here is a pathological character in play. Should Harriet, in the course of what could hardly be described as a whirlwind courtship, have seen the red light? One can hardly blame her: everybody considered Desmond an excellent chap. Just before he proposed she had, it is true, "decided that fiercely attractive as he was in some ways, his unflinching propriety would never do for her." And his too-large finger-nails slightly gave her the creeps.

However, the glamorous bustle of the engagement and bliss of the honeymoon allayed fears it is not till we meet our young couple married and settled down in a charming house in Sussex Square, Bayswater, that fishy discrepancies between Desmond's account of himself and his actual behaviour strike Harriet. The row in the bathroom, when she hits him with a hairbrush, marks a definite deterioration of their relationship.

FINALLY, having investigated the contents of Desmond's despatch-case, Harriet learns the worst. The ensuing dialogue is a fair example of Mr. Slater's manner.

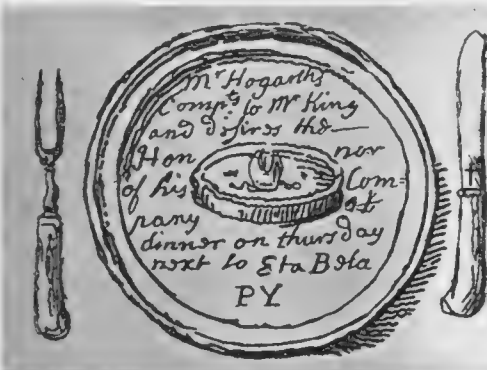
"I do not know about politics," Harriet said, "but I do know my husband is a spy and a traitor." "Those are merely unpleasant words," Desmond said patiently. "It would be equally true to say that I am a loyal supporter of the greatest social experiment in the history of mankind."

"If you don't believe in living in luxury, as you call it, why don't you give all your money away?" Imperceptibly Desmond sighed, and almost wondered if she were going to talk of coals in the bath or to suggest that if he liked Russia so much he'd better go there. With a trace of condescension in his voice he explained that it was up to him to be as useful in the movement as he could, and that naturally it was his duty to live in a way that was suitable to the work he was doing.

"You are useful, I should think," said Harriet bitterly.

Desmond took her hand and put his arm round her shoulders and said:

"Dear Harriet, you do understand that it is a matter of political conviction. If I am right, and it is certain that I am, all I am doing is perfectly reasonable."



*Invitation to a Dinner, a pleasant Hogarthian fancy, reproduced in "The Drawings of William Hogarth"*

"I loathe your sneaking shiftiness."

"Naturally, Harriet, I do not expect you to change your whole political attitude between getting up and breakfast, but you *can* understand that I am doing what I believe to be my duty to the future of mankind."

"I haven't got a political attitude," she said.

Desmond explained that in fact she *had* a general outlook, a reactionary one, with which she had been inculcated unconsciously all her life.

"I don't know what to do," she said miserably.

What, indeed, would any woman do? If anything, Harriet is aided by the ruthless simplicity of her own outlook. No question of mincing matters. If the origin and nature of Desmond's phobia fail to interest his wife, they *do*, however, deeply interest the reader: ultimately, *The Conspirator* stands or falls by whether Mr. Slater has or has not succeeded in making Desmond a *possible* (however unlikely) case. To my mind he has succeeded—once we do know the truth, each detail of Desmond's behaviour, in itself however harmless or frivolous, becomes a clue to it. The devious game he insists on playing with the children, at the beginning, is one example. The infantile passion for conspiracy for its own sake, the superiority complex which makes him glory in living two lives at once, the desire to have a finger in the pie of history, the incurable distortion of his outlook—all these are consistent.

Here, we are made to feel, is a potentially "straight" man given a dreadful twist. What caused the twist? Mr. Slater produces two factors in Desmond's past—a split between his parents on the subject of Irish politics, and the influence of a wily Oxford Don. I query one statement: it seems to me unlikely that Desmond's father would have been a Black-and-Tan. . . . *The Conspirator* is, as I said at the start, brilliantly written. We are caused to watch every movement of this apparently conventional gentleman's secret life. I do not suggest that Mr. Slater treats his appalling theme with levity: he has, however, kept to the surface and not embroiled himself with too many of its implications. His style is unemotional, semi-sardonic, dry.

"MAIDENS' TRIP" (Putnam; 8s. 6d.) should be, for different reasons, another Christmas success. Emma Smith, the author, is twenty-four, and there is an almost savage vitality of youthfulness in her account of how three eighteen-year-old girls (of which she was one) worked a pair of canal boats between London Docks and Birmingham. Nanette, Emma and Charity were wartime's great gift to Inland Waterways—the trio, after three weeks of training, were turned out on their own, to do their best, or their worst. Tilly, their instructress, delivered over her pupils to their employment with a confidence which was, in the long run, justified.

This book, with its day-to-day account of life on "the cut," would, in any event, be exceedingly interesting. But Miss Smith has given it a quality which makes it stand alone. It is vigorous, poetic and comic; each moment and incident stands out. My own copy of *Maidens' Trip* is in a shocking condition of being marked and dog-leaved—there are so many passages I want to read again, so many I should have liked to relay to you: as it is, my advice is, simply, get this book for yourself. This power of Emma Smith's to convey the full-voltage *feeling* of experience amounts to genius.

You may find her three girls are three young monsters: they are certainly out of accord with the misty-and-pearly view of young maidenhood. Among the boaters, they give as good as they get. Their race with the Silvers is epic; their treatment of the taciturn Wilfred is candidly, naïvely unprincipled—all the same, is Wilfred laughing at them the whole time? The charm, to my mind, of Nanette, Emma and Charity is that, though they act tough, they are far from being so. Only the young know what to be young is—by the time most writers begin to make the sensation of youthfulness their subject they have, alas, already forgotten it: Miss Smith is at no such disadvantage. The conversations between the girls, and the flashing dives down into their deeper thoughts are, consequently, inimitable.

Very, very funny are many of the pages of *Maidens' Trip*: one is roused again and again to an unusual, unobvious kind of laughter. *Obvious* comedy is, I find, avoided: this is something better than a racy account of vicissitudes. The trio, in fact, are doing their job well; and the purely technical accounts of it are fascinating—the business with the locks, the going through the tunnel, the transaction of the various bits of business. Above all, there is the factor of English Midland weather, through this week of a harsh March. And the *Venus* and *Ariadne* become, themselves, personalities.

Emma Smith has already gained the Atlantic Award for 1948. I myself cannot doubt that we shall be hearing more of her.

\* \* \*

AGAIN, a Christie for Christmas. *Taken at the Flood* (Crime Club; Collins; 8s. 6d.) is a "full-length Poirot," and of the best. Agatha Christie infects us, from the first page, with what is to be the great Poirot's own feeling—here is a case slightly "out of shape." One is, that is to say, perplexed again and again by what would appear to be (given the circumstances) the slightly unlikely behaviour of the characters. The fact being, of course, that the circumstances are not, actually, as given. In so far as the ideal detective-story should be a non-stop challenge to the intelligence of the reader, I should call this the ideal detective-story. You are advised, in reading *Taken at the Flood*, to think twice about the most trivial

detail that strikes you as queer. We begin with a story told by a club bore. Gordon Cloade, an elderly man of immense wealth, has returned from a business trip to America only to be killed by a V.I. During his time abroad he has married a young widow, who is now left heiress to his entire fortune. Not only chagrin but acute financial embarrassment is felt by Cloade's brothers and sisters, who had all, in greater or less degrees, formed the habit of dependence upon him. Fair Rosaleen, the young widow-bride, could consequently hardly be less popular; and when it appears that her marriage to Gordon Cloade might, after all, have been a bigamous one, the idea is eagerly taken up.

The scene is set in one of those old-world, Home County country towns Mrs. Christie always describes so well. Her gift for blending the cosy with the macabre has seldom been more in evidence than it is here.

\* \* \*

"THE BEST OF BEARDSLEY" is a superb picture-book from The Bodley Head, at 25s. These Aubrey Beardsley black-and-whites have been selected by R. A. Walker (for seventeen years assistant editor of the *Print Collector's Quarterly*), who writes the Introduction. Both in their virtue as drawings, and in their evocativeness of the 'nineties, these hundred-and-fifty mount up into something important. Handsomely, appropriately, the cover is a brilliant yellow and black. Note this for a Christmas gift.



Edward Seago, R.B.A., whose portrait of the Queen is the outstanding feature of the exhibition he has been holding at the Colnaghi Galleries, Bond Street, seen in the sitting-room of his old timbered house at Ludham, Norfolk, playing with his dog Heb—a Romany word meaning "sky." Earlier in the year he completed a portrait of the King, and both Royal portraits, which were commissioned by the Air Council, will hang at Cranwell College. Mr. Seago, who is thirty-eight, is also a writer and has had several books published



# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



*Mills — Livingstone*

Capt. Antony David Mills, youngest son of Major-Gen. Sir Arthur Mills, C.B., D.S.O., and the late Mrs. Mills, of Lexham Gardens, W.8, married Miss Anne Livingstone, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Livingstone, of Byfeld Gardens, Barnes



*Turner Bridger — Coen*

Capt. Michael Turner Bridger, Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Turner Bridger, of Woodfold, Godalming, married Miss Patricia Coen, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Coen, of Sydney, Australia, at Brompton Oratory



*Llewellyn — Sheridan*

Mr. Michael David Llewellyn, only son of the late Mr. D. W. Llewellyn and Mrs. Llewellyn, of Chelsea Cloisters, S.W.3, married Miss Anne Christina Sheridan, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Sheridan, of Park Grove, Barnsley, at St. James's, Spanish Place



*Chant — Forbes-Sempill*

Major Stuart W. Chant, M.C., of Baker Street, W.1, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. N. J. W. Chant, married the Hon. Ann Moira Forbes-Sempill, daughter of Lord Sempill and of the late Lady Sempill, of Ilchester Place, W.8, in London



*Balfour — Ogilvy*

Capt. Peter Balfour, Scots Guards, second son of Col. E. W. S. and Lady Ruth Balfour, of Balbirnie, Markinch, Fife, married Lady Grizelda Ogilvy, third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Airlie, at St. John's Episcopal Church, Forfar



Fergus, Limerick

*Turner — De-la-Poer Monsell*

Mr. Patrick Turner, M.C., fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. George Turner, of Greenhill, Bramfield, Herts, married Miss Trijine De-la-Poer Monsell, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. De-la-Poer Monsell, of Tervoe, Co. Limerick. Mr. Robin Turner was best man

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The "Tatler's" Register of  
ENGAGEMENTS

Pearl Freeman

**Miss Mary Patricia Morgan**, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morgan, of India, who has announced her engagement to Mr. David Morris Morgan, eldest son of the late Mr. R. J. Morgan, and of Mrs. Morgan, of Steyning, Cranleigh, Surrey



**Miss Cecilie Nansen**, daughter of Advokat E. W. Nansen and Fru Nansen, of Oslo, has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Fane, son of Capt. and Mrs. G. W. R. Fane, of Feering Place, Kelvedon, Essex. Mr. Fane is a grandson of the late Sir Nicholas Bacon, Premier Baronet of England



**Miss Rosemary Anne Renner**, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Renner, of Elmwood House, Steep, Petersfield, Hants, who is engaged to Lt. John Allan Grace, D.S.C., R.N., eldest son of Admiral Sir John and Lady Grace, of Hawkley House, Hawkley, Hants



Harlip

**Miss Rachel Leader Kimber**, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Leader Kimber, of Florence Park, Bristol, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Colin Alexander Paterson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Paterson, of Barn Hey, Long Ashton, Bristol



Lenare

**Miss Jennifer Beatrice Tanner and Lieut. Philip Alexander Watson**, R.N., who are engaged to be married. Miss Tanner is the daughter of Mr. F. W. Tanner, J.P., and Mrs. Tanner, of Norfolk Square, London, W.2, and Lt. Watson is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. St. C. Watson, of Penfold House, Hendon

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## FASHION FLASH

*R. S. V. P.*

**W**HAT woman accepts an invitation to a party without wondering what she will wear? And a certain sparkle in the air makes us feel that Christmas this year will be gay, parties numerous (but small and informal) and dresses—well, simple in style maybe, but pretty sophisticated in stuff and detail.

From a lovely collection of "after-dark" dresses, we have chosen this moiré dress (which you can buy in black, navy, nigger, or light blue) to show you the sort of thing our stylists have in mind; a simple gored skirt; double peplum, cleverly cut to conceal the zip fastener; unusual buttons; a good finish to cuff and collar. It is practical in a gay way, but above all, it's irresistibly feminine, and that is quite a point when there is mistletoe around. It will give you the party feeling before the party even begins! Hip sizes 38" and 40". Price £6. 19s. 0d. 7 coupons.

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# Oliver Sturges

## on FLYING

**S**ECTIONAL economics are the curse of civil aviation. People cost up some part of an operation and then look on the result as if it applied to the whole operation. Mr. Lindgren proudly announced a short time ago that B.O.A.C.'s Atlantic services were being run at a profit and based upon that statement his arguments in favour of buying American designed airframes. Unfortunately, as we now know, the Atlantic picture is not the whole picture.

Even more misleading is the direct comparison between the cost of flying-boats and helicopters and the cost of landplanes. These three kinds of aircraft ought always to be considered with their related ground equipment when costs are being assessed. Whatever its advocates may say, the landplane is enormously the most costly in its ground equipment and it is becoming more costly every day.

An example which ought to have brought this home is the Brabazon with its great runway and huge sheds. The large flying-boat, until it can be left out in all weathers—which will be soon—may need huge sheds; but although it needs a slipway if it is to be beached, this is of negligible cost compared with a modern runway. Moreover, one does not have to destroy villages to make room for it—an additional charge on the landplane which is forgotten by its sponsors.

**H**ELICOPTERS seem expensive when compared on an all-up weight or on a pay load basis with fixed wing aeroplanes, whether land or marine, but helicopters do not demand runways or the paraphernalia of the airport which must

deal with machines which have to make contact with the earth at a speed of about 150 kilometres an hour.

If the whole of the operation were considered, and not one part of it, I would say that helicopters would be found to be already economic as air taxis. Their first cost does seem very high; but they can work, as they did in the Post Office mail delivery trials, from small fields without requiring any special equipment.

I would like to see one of those industrious people who assemble and tabulate figures, preparing a full statement of the economics of the different kinds of aircraft. It is soon going to become difficult to do because State ownership of airfields prevents their costs from being accurately measured. The landplane advocates will always argue that the State airfields are being run extravagantly and that it is unfair to place a part of their first and maintenance costs on top of the landplane costs.

But there never was a more gross misrepresentation than that which says that flying-boats are as costly in their ground equipment as landplanes. That is simply untrue.



*S/Ldr. Christopher Foxley-Norris, D.S.O., with his wife, formerly Mrs. Joan Lovell Scott, after their wedding at Oxford. Mrs. Foxley-Norris is the only child of Major and Mrs. P. H. Hughes, of Crondall, Hampshire*

**A** FRIEND who saw the aerobatic performances of Freddie Nicole in America tells me that this French pilot is, in his view, the greatest living exponent of aerobatic flying. He says that the big loops and rolls of the jet aircraft, to which we have become accustomed at flying displays in England, are nothing to the thrills which Nicole's performances provide.

He seems to have specialized in aerobatics for a long time and although I have occasionally read of his exploits in the French papers, I

had not realized the real measure of his mastery until I had this direct report by one who is himself a highly skilled pilot.

Nicole seems to have the genuine Pégoud touch, for when he was in the States, my friend tells me, they let him try a helicopter. He is not a helicopter pilot and it is generally agreed that helicopter flying is not only very difficult, but very different from landplane flying. But Nicole seems to have handled the thing as if he had been flying one for years. The Americans—not readily impressed in such matters—have been so struck by what one must describe as piloting genius of the first order, that they are trying to sign up Nicole for a series of shows next year. He will give aerobatic displays at many of their big meetings.

## RECORD OF THE WEEK

**T**HERE are too few first-rate contraltos in Britain to-day, and I am more than pleased to see that Gladys Ripley is being given some recording to do as a solo artist. She has a lovely voice, clear and true, and her diction is always entirely audible. I am sure we shall be given the opportunity of hearing her again quite soon on records.

For the present she sings two Negro Spirituals, "Deep River," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," both of which Paul Robeson made famous in the early '30s. Miss Ripley has chosen to sing the Burleigh arrangement of both these beautiful songs. She is accompanied by Gerald Moore who very nearly manages to do what Lawrence Brown did for Paul Robeson as accompanist. When you listen to this record you will realize how important a part Gerald Moore plays, though you will never find that he allows that part to obtrude.

Too often the accompanist is given little if any credit for his work, but Moore's playing for Gladys Ripley defies critical analysis, and with the excellent singing a true work of art has been produced. (H.M.V. B.9689.)

**Robert Tredinnick**

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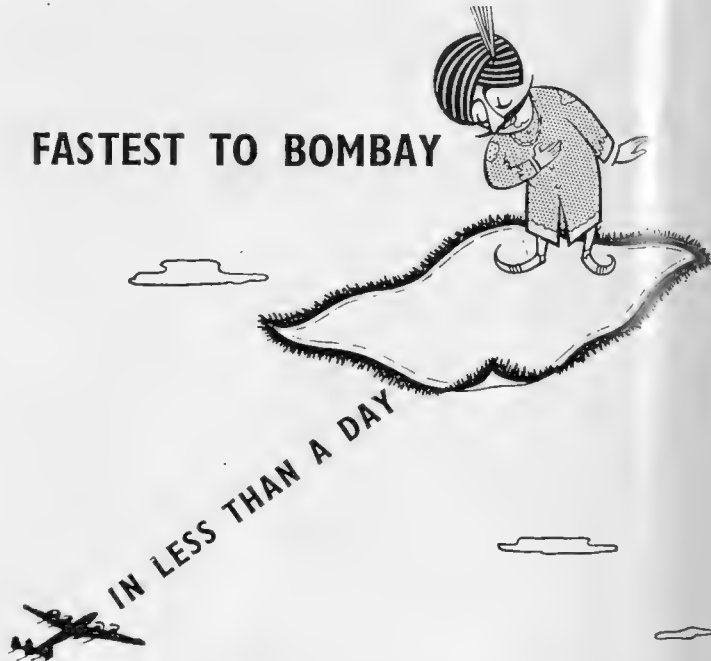
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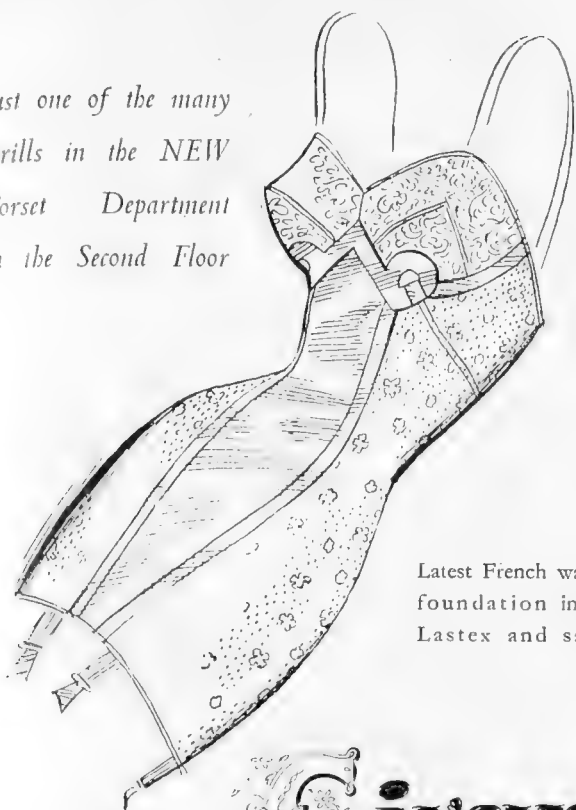
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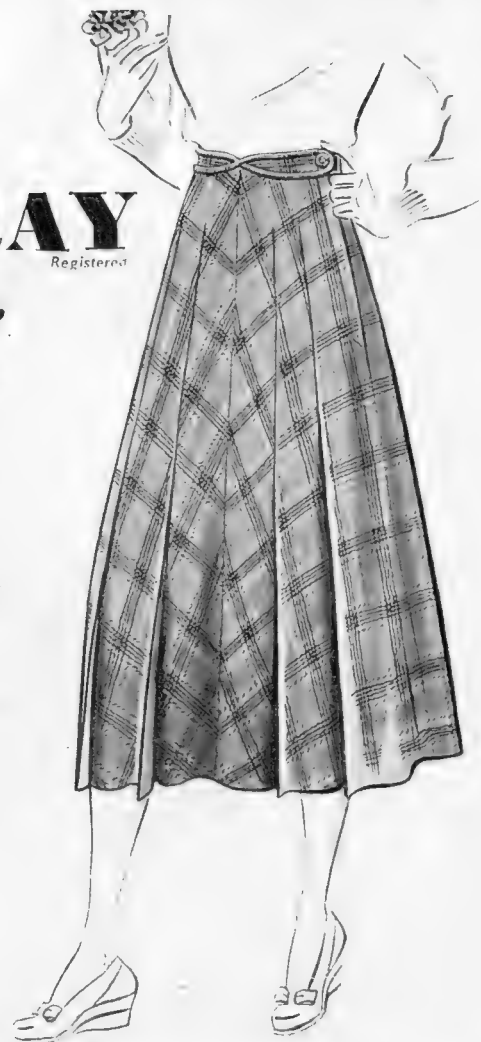
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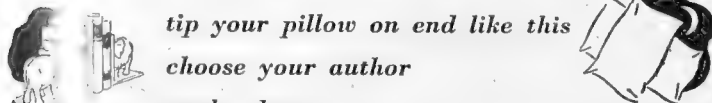
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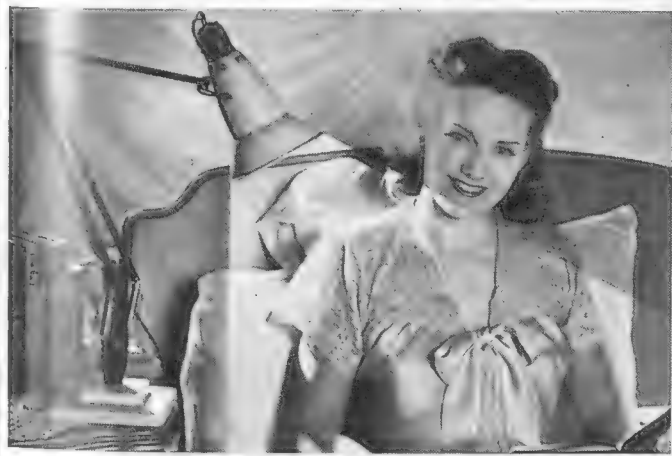
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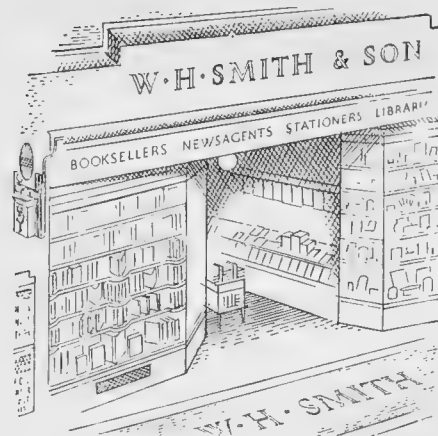
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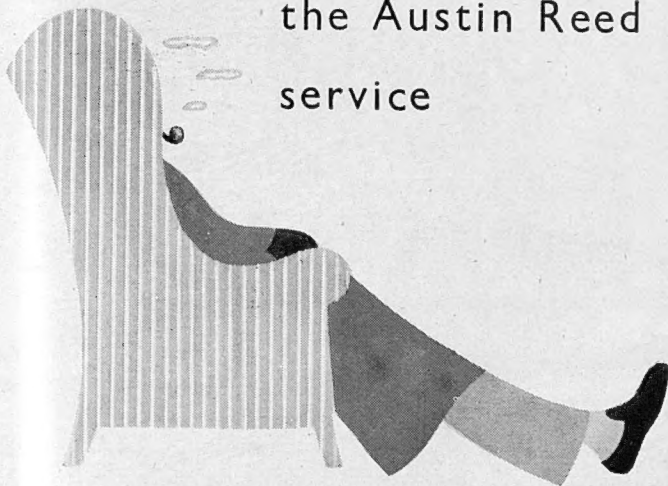


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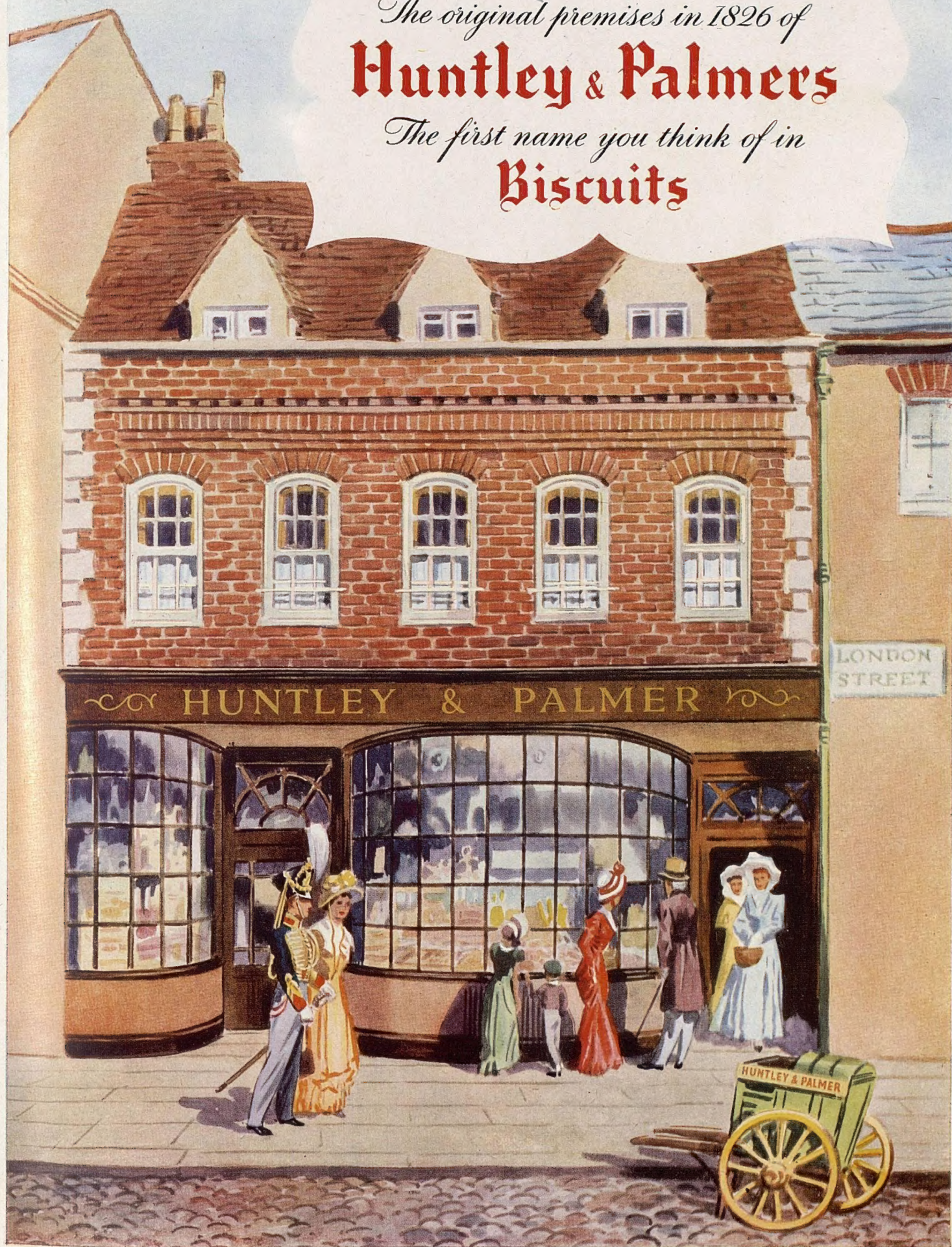
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